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THE
INJURED ISLANDERS;
OR, K
THE INFLUENCE OF ART
UPON
THE HAPPINESS OF NATURE.



*New wonder rose, when ranged around for thee,
Attendant Virgins danced the TIMRODIE.*

L O N D O N,
PRINTED FOR J. MURRAY, No. 32, OPPOSITE ST. DUNSTON'S CHURCH,
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MDCCLXIX.

THE
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PRINTED FOR J. MURRAY,
AT THE SIGN OF THE LION, ST. MARTIN'S CHURCH,
LONDON.



P R E F A C E

FEW Subjects of a similar Nature have afforded more Entertainment to the Public than the late Voyages to the Southern Ocean; their Design, and the Degree of Success that has attended it, are now generally known; But whatever Advantages either the Spirit of Enterprize, or commercial and scientific Interests may derive from some Discoveries that have been made in that distant Hemisphere, it is much to be lamented, that the innocent Natives have been Sufferers by the Event*: The imaginary Value annexed to European Toys and Manufactures, and the Ravages of a particular Disorder, have already in-

* "It were indeed to be wished, says Mr. FORSTER, that the Intercourse which has lately subsisted between Europeans and the Natives of the South Sea Islands, may be broken off in Time, before the Corruption of Manners, which unhappily characterizes civilized Regions, may reach that innocent Race of Men, who live here fortunate in their Ignorance and Simplicity: But it is a melancholy Truth that the Dictates of Philanthropy do not harmonize with the Political Systems of Europe." Forster's account of Cook's Voyage, vol. I.

jured

jured their Morals and their Peace ; even the Instruments of Iron, which so much facilitate the ordinary Operations of Industry, have been used as Weapons of Destruction, or perverted to the Purposes of Ambition and Revenge. The Truth of this Observation appears from the Use which the Head of a sequestered Family at Dusky Bay, in New Zealand, intended to make of the Axes he received *.— from the Magnitude and Destination of the Fleet of O'Taheite assembled at Oparee, in April 1774, about seven Years after the Discovery of the Island by Captain WALLIS —and also from the Commotions excited by TOOTAHAN, who had been Sovereign of it when Captain Cook first arrived there in 1769 : One of these, which was occasioned by an Abuse of the Presents he had received deprived him † in the End, of his Kingdom and his Life. And a similar Revolution, a little before this, had stripped OBEREA of that Wealth and Power which so eminently distinguished her at Captain WALLIS's Arrival. She was then Queen of O'Taheite, and treated him with peculiar Generosity and

* Forster, vol. I.

† Ibid. vol. II.

‡ Ibid.

Regard :

Regard: A Remembrance of their mutual Affection—a Sense of her subsequent Misfortunes—and a Patriotic Feeling for the Fate of her Country, are the Basis of the following Poem.

Before I conclude, it may not be improper to observe, that the Natives of O'Taheite, whose singular Customs and Manners are occasionally described, may be considered by many who have only read Doctor HAWKESWORTH'S Compilation, as fitter Subjects for Ridicule than Panegyrick; but whoever peruses the Memoirs given of them by the latest Voyagers, will find that the more these hospitable and happy Islanders are known, the more pleasing they appear: He will also find that the irregular Gratification of their Passions, which has been regarded as the most exceptionable Part of their Character, was transmitted through a false Medium to our View. It must be notwithstanding allowed that in THIS, as in every other Country, there is a Diversity of Prospects which may afford the Wit, as well as the Buffoon, an Opportunity of taking an unfavourable Survey, and of sporting with the Defects

Defects of unassisted Nature. Entitled to the same Liberty, I have chosen what, I am persuaded, every Advocate for Humanity would choose, to look through a different Perspective, which has presented me with several Objects in the Lives and Circumstances of these Fellow-citizens of the World, that even European Grandeur might envy or admire. It is not, however, my Intention to hazard, farther than what is consistent with the Propriety of my Plan, any invidious Comparison between the Happiness of Natural and Civilized Society, which might lead me into a Deviation from local Images, and that Precision and Perspicuity, which, in a descriptive Poem of this Nature, I think necessary, and have endeavoured to preserve; how far I have succeeded or failed in this Design, is submitted with Respect, to the Judgment and Indulgence of the candid Public.

T. C. D. JANUARY 1, 1779.

THE

INJURED ISLANDERS.

Quod Sol atque Imbres dederant, quod Terra crearat
sponte sua, satis id placabat Pectora Donum.

REMOV'D from Power, from all its Pomp retir'd,
And far from Thee whom most my Soul admir'd,
No more I shine to emulate the Day
Robed in the Lustre of Imperial Sway;
No suppliant Crowds attend my sov'reign Will
Anxious to hear, and ardent to fulfil;
No flatt'ring Scenes my festive Hours prolong
Where Mirth convivial cheers the circling Throng;

B

Each

Each splendid Round of high-born State resign'd,
 I try the humbler Comforts of the Mind; 10
 The Task unpractis'd growing Cares control,
 And fond Remembrance ravages my Soul;
 In vain I seek the Solace of the Shade,
 Where the green Turtle flutters thro' the Glade;
 Or up the Steep with straining Steps I roam, 15
 Where the pure Stream precipitates in Foam,
 Where Dew-dropp'd Shrubs breathe Fragrance as I stray;
 That lures the Breeze which steals their Sweets away:
 There as I sit above the level Plain,
 Sooth'd by responsive Murmurs from the Main, 20
 And round expatiate o'er each vary'd Hue
 Of once lov'd Landscapes op'ning to my View,
 Still from each Sense their transient Beauties fly,
 Or feebly strike, and in a Moment die;
 Still in my breast I miss my wonted Ease, 25
 Nor Time restores it, nor can Pleasure please.

From Thee, whose Pow'r astonish'd Isles behold
 O'er Waves triumphant, and in Terrors bold,

Whose

THE INJURED ISLANDERS.

3

Whose fearless Eye, where burning Suns have shone,
 Search'd the wide Waste, and mark'd out Worlds un-
 known,
 From Thee, bright Offspring of the distant Skies!
 These new-born Cares, illustrious WALLIS! rise;
 Contemn'd for Thee, where e'er my footsteps stray,
 The Charms of Nature idly tempt my Way,
 Unheeded Blooms their fragrant Odours shed,
 Untasted Sweets in mantling Clusters spread.
 Nor Fruits my Taste, nor Flow'rs attract my Eye,
 The JAMBU'S Richness, nor GARDENIA'S Die;
 To Thee alone, on Fancy's rapid Wing,
 My Soul, my Sense, my wasted Wishes spring;
 In ev'ry Change my restless Passions find,
 Thy hast'ning Image follows close behind,
 Presents each Art, attendant in thy Train,
 To scatter Commerce o'er the boundless Main,
 Rude Nature rescue from it's rough Disguise,
 And grant each Good that social Manners prize:—
 Thy partial Favor to this Isle profess'd—
 Thy grateful Presents to the Heart address'd—

Thy

Thy fervent Vows in Friendship's Guise array'd,
 While more than Friendship ev'ry Vow convey'd—50
 These all recurring, constant as the Day,
 Reign in my Breast resistless in their Sway,
 Usurp the Scenes my free-born Pleasures knew,
 Nor leave a Wish unleagu'd with Love and You:
 Late, as along the Verdure-vested Lawn 55
 My Morning Steps approach'd the blushing Dawn,
 Far from the Beach, and pendent from the Sky,
 A distant Vessel caught my longing Eye;
 The purple Streamers, Wave by Wave, appear,
 And Love still whispers, lo! thy WALLIS near; 60
 Oh joyful Hope! to greet Thee I prepare,
 And bind the Tamar round my fragrant Hair,
 With grateful Gifts of vegetable Store
 I haste impatient to the crowded Shore:
 In vain I haste,—no WALLIS meets me there, 65
 No Friend, no Fondness to reward my Care.
 Bereft of power,—and destitute of Train,
 My humble Offerings scarce Acceptance gain,

To

THE INJURED ISLANDERS.

5

To richer Chiefs, who rule TAHEITEE's Land,
 The British Treasures pass from Hand to Hand, 70
 The Crimson Plumes, the Beads of brightest Die,
 The Mirrors faithful to the Gazer's Eye,
 The precious Gifts, whose boasted Aid we feel,
 Of pointed Iron, and of polish'd Steel,—
 Boast tho' we may, to judge them by the past, 75
 These Gifts may prove our fatal Foes at last,
 By piercing Steel tho' proudest Forests fall,
 And take new Forms at Man's Imperial Call,
 By Steel too Man his Fellow Man annoys,
 It tempts as Plunder, and as Death destroys; 80
 The dang'rous Wealth exotic Wants inspires
 Where equal Nature levell'd all Desires,
 And, social Freedom sapp'd by envious Strife,
 We risk at once our Morals and our Life.

Curs'd the Desire for Wealth like this that made 85
 A rival Chief my Royal Realms invade!
 The lifted Ax—Ah! WALLIS, shall I tell?
 On all our Friends with dreadful Havock fell,

C

An

6 THE INJURED ISLANDERS.

An instant Flight thy OBRA scarce could save,
 Where the stern mountain frowns upon the Wave— 90
 Where Cloud-girt Rocks their cheerless Bosoms bare,
 The Wretches last sad Refuge from Despair !—
 There, to conceal me from the furious Foe,
 I sunk depress'd in solitary Woe.
 As some tall Palm-Tree, Sov'reign of the Plain, 95
 That tops the Grove, and glads th'admiring Swain,
 If sudden Shook by Autumn's angry Storm,
 Shrinks from the Blast to hide its humbled Form,
 Stripp'd of its Fruit, it's Foliage and it's Pride,
 It naked stands, and droops on ev'ry side : 100
 So helpless OBRA, in a luckless Hour,
 Yields to her Fate, divested of her Pow'r,
 Her only Trust in TANE's wife Decree,
 In Hope, in Love, in Justice, and in Thee.

Nor here alone Commotion's hostile Hand 105
 With Rage and Rapine wastes a trembling Land,
 'Gainst other Shores what fatal Projects rise !
 What Fleets tremendous fill my wond'ring Eyes !

Already

THE INJURED ISLANDERS.

Already launch'd, I see their awful Form
Mount the high Waves, and dare the threat'ning Storm; 110
See their full Purpose Freedom to o'erwhelm,
Pride at the Prow, Presumption at the Helm—
See subject Isles, late objects of our Care,
Mark'd out for Plunder, Servitude, Despair,—
Invading Power Imperial Rights decline— 115
Asserted Liberty these Rights decline—
Discord and War in dread Confusion rise,
With Widow's Wailings, and with Orphan's Cries—
The ravag'd Plains to Desolation giv'n,
And ev'ry Crime that calls the Wrath of Heav'n: 120
Ah! what a Change from all that charm'd before,
When kindred Love connected ev'ry Shore,
When mutual Interest, spreading unconfi'd,
Parental Care and Filial Duty join'd—
Such were the Bands that held our happy State, 125
Ere Lux'ry taught Ambition to be great—
Ere Lust of Power to Deeds oppressive led—
Ere Europe's Crimes with Europe's Commerce spread—

Do these, alas ! thy hapless Country shake ?
 Corruption sap it, and Contention break ? 130
 Or dares proud Trade, if meant for all Mankind,
 Here, only here, the dearest Ties unbind ?
 In stinted Regions pour it's Blessings round ?
 In Climes luxuriant ev'ry Bliss confound ?
 As Draughts, which there the languid Frame sustain, 135
 Too pow'rful here intoxicate the Brain,
 Till giddy Reason, sick'ning and unsound,
 To Madness turns, and spreads a Ruin round.

O Thou, in whom my Heart still seeks Repose,
 Hasten to prevent, or mitigate our Woes ; 140
 O WALLIS, haste, and, emulous of Praise,
 Our drooping Spirits to their Level raise,
 Till native Joys, the Mists of Error past,
 Again return, and brighten to the last.

Canst thou forget ? can Memory e'er betray 145
 The last sad Hour I urged your longer Stay ?

The

THE INJURED ISLANDERS. 89

The Masts were rear'd with Arms extended wide
 To scourge the Storm, and awe th'insurgent Tide,
 While, fondly flutt'ring to the favourite Gale,
 Rose the fair Bosom of the swelling Sail;
 Back to the Beach, desponding still, and flow,
 I vainly turn'd to shun the coming Woe,
 No Shark-tooth' Punctures pour'd a fanguine Stream,
 But Heart-sprung Sorrows flooded all my Frame,
 Till my faint Soul in silent Anguish fell,
 Rose but in Sighs, and feebly breath'd—farewell!
 Touch'd with my Grief, and friendly to my Fears,
 Midst the broad Deck you mark'd the circling Years,
 On sacred Plumes this solemn Vow express'd,
 To Heav'n and me alternately address'd,
 That ere the splendid Ruler of the Day
 Could close the Circuit of his annual Way,
 A quick Return, if Life indulg'd Desire,
 Should prove the Witness of your faithful Fire—
 Give willing WALLIS to his OBRA's Arms,
 For OBRA then had Empire, and had Charms!

D

Pour

10 THE INJURED ISLANDERS.

Pour at her Feet—fond Tribute of his Heart !
 The richest Products distant Realms impart—
 Whate'er for Use or Ornament design'd,
 What decks the Person or delights the Mind, 170
 Should here transplanted own his fost'ring Hand,
 Bloom all around, and bless the lovely Land.

Where now are all these flatt'ring prospects fled ?
 Where the fond Hopes that once my Fancy led ?
 Where the kind Looks ? the sympathetic Tears ? 175
 The soothing Vows that calm'd my rising Fears ?
 The promis'd Gifts to dissipate Despair ?
 Baits to entice ! and springes to ensnare !
 My captive Heart, still struggling to be free,
 Strives—but in vain, to fly from Love and Thee, 180
 Yet oft resigns, indulgent to it's Ease,
 Lost in Reflection's solitary Maze :
 As in the Tube, which lifts the gazing Eye
 To radiant Beauties of the spangled Sky,
 The wond'ring Sense sees Worlds superior reign, 185
 Impatient mounts, and dwells on ev'ry Scene ;

With

With equal Zeal, to foreign Coasts and Climes,
 To diff'rent Empires, and to distant Times,
 Thy dear Description oft my Memory draws,
 And awful opens immense Creation's Laws? 190
 But chiefly fix'd my fondest Thoughts abide
 Where subject Seas display BRITANNIA'S Pride,
 Where hardy Chiefs, on arduous Actions bent,
 Contemn like Thee the Limits of Content,
 Till, by the Tempest of Ambition hurPd, 195
 They live, or die—the Soy'reigns of the World.

Ev'n now their haughty Standards I survey
 Rear'd in this Isle, as Ensigns of their Sway,
 Each dark Recefs excursive they explore,
 Search the deep Vale, or coast the coral Shore, 200
 Mount the rough Rocks, with Herbs fantastic spread,
 And dare disclose the Morais of the Dead:
 Nor earth alone—the starry Heights they trace,
 And watch the Planets in their fond embrace,
 Whose Blifs connubial in th' Eclipse's Shade. 205
 Their impious Eyes with prying Tubes pervade,

Till secret Nature, pierc'd by Mortal Sight,
A Captive yields, and blushes into Light.

Say to what tend these forward Views that raise
Presumptuous Mortals to their Maker's Ways?

To what can Arts, or Industry aspire?

What proud Ambition's utmost Aims desire?

But cheerful Ease, that wants nor Toil, nor Skill;

The Sun can give it, and the cooling Rill,

Prolifick Earth the balmy Blessing shows

In Fruit-clad Hills, and Valleys of Repose,

Such as in Pomp of vary'd Dies display

This beauteous Island to the Beams of Day—

Such as perennial charm the loit'ring Swain

On MAT'VAI's Banks, or sweet PAPARRA's Plain;

Ah! blissful Seats of Innocence and Ease!

Ere Pride-born Commerce taught it's Pow'r to please—

Ere Wants created, kindled new Desires—

Ere tend'rest Passions felt consuming Fires;

Yes, WALLIS, yes, this last—this worst of Woes

From boasted Europe's baneful Commerce flows,

Some

Some vagrant Chief, of ever-hateful Name,
Approach'd our Isle, and spread the wasting Flame;
Thro' ev'ry Nerve th'infectious Terrors rove,
Sap the shrunk Frame, and taint each Source of Love: 230

Ah! whence this Pest that Confidence destroys,
And prostrate lays Life's dear domestic Joys?
Whence the dire Change? ye unsuspecting Fair!
Your Blooms a Desert! and your Bliss Despair?
Whence—but enough, my chiding Thoughts be still! 235
Some foreign Hand should heal each foreign Ill,

Hope flies to Thee; thy Guidance to implore
I send TUPIA to the British Shore—
Send, but in vain,—alas, his hapless End!
Lost was my statesman, Counsellor, and Friend— 240

Lost ere he knew, for Knowledge was his Aim,
What tempted Britons Tropic Isles to claim—
Lost, ere he learn'd their Language, or their Laws,
And died a Patriot in his Country's Cause:
Lo! next OMAH dares the task pursue, 245

And bears this fond Commission to thy View,

E

Asks,

What

Asks, and entreats in OBRA's injur'd Name,
 Thy wish'd-for Presence to restore her Fame,
 Her haughty Foes, her Subjects' Fears remove,
 And share at once her Empire and her Love. 250

Canst thou forget, how cheerful, how content
 TAHEITEE'S Sons their Days of Pleasure spent !
 With rising Morn they fought the healthful Stream,
 And walk'd, or work'd till sultry Noon-tide came,
 Then social join'd, from vain Distinctions free, 255
 In Mirth convivial round the spreading Tree,
 While tuneful Flutes, and warbling Wood-notes near,
 In rival Strains still charm'd the list'ning Ear :
 At grateful Eve they mix'd the artless Tale,
 The Jest, the Dance, the vegetable Meal ; 260
 Paid the last Visit at some Fountain's Head,
 To cleanse, and cool them for the peaceful Bed ;
 Deem'd the bright Sun declin'd for them alone,
 These Isles the World, and all the World their own.
 Say thou, whose Judgment different Nations boast, 265
 From cultur'd BRITAIN to this friendly coast,

What

What lovelier Climes more pleasing Fruits afford
 Than this, of all thy piercing Eye explor'd?
 Where can the Bread-fruit sweeter Pulp produce
 Where richer Cocoas more delicious Juice?
 Where finer Robes of Mulb'ry Rinds are worn?
 Where fairer Virgins than these Robes adorn?
 Where smiles the Land where fewer Ills assail?
 Where fewer Fears, or Passions can prevail?
 No Serpents here their poison'd Volumes wreath;
 No tainted Gales with fell Diseases breathe;
 No varying Arts to multiply Desires,
 No Av'rice chills, and no Ambition fires;
 Each Blessing granted as our Wishes rise,
 We live, and love—the Fav'rites of the Skies,
 While kind ETUAS watchful still preside,
 And Nature's Tasks th'aerial Bands divide;
 Some o'er the Sea control the Tempest's Roar,
 Impel the Tides, or shove them from the Shore;
 Some o'er the Land exert their genial Pow'rs,
 Deck the bright Year, or guide the fleeting Hours,

With

With lib'ral Hand dispense Profusion round,
 With fragrant Breath perfume the fertile Ground,
 Gild the gay Groves with Fruits' refreshing Cheer,
 Nor ask from Toil the Products of the Year;
 And pleas'd, or anger'd, as the Work they find,
 In Rain-Bows smile, or murmur in the Wind.

Hence favour'd Man, with ev'ry Good supply'd,
 Health in his Look, and Plenty at his Side,
 His only Toil, amidst the Forests free,
 To point the Pearl-Hook, fell the stubborn Tree;
 Or watch the swift Bonetas as they glide,
 Launch the Canoe, and chace them with the Tide;
 His manly Mirth too, on the Beach retir'd
 Oft hast thou seen, and seeing still admir'd—
 Lo! now he mounts, as Surf-swoll'n Billows heave—
 Now sinks beneath, and wantons with the Wave;
 Or strains the Bow-String, conscious of his Might,
 And smiling views the distant Arrow's Flight;
 No obvious Mark allures his level Aim,
 To practice Murder for perverted Fame—

No

No private Pique a Duel here can draw
 To Blood-stain'd Fields, and boast it Honor's Law—
 Let British Climes the horrid Fiend admire
 Who sports with Life, and bids it quick expire,
 Dreads no Resentment from Almighty Sway,
 Or impious braves it in the Face of Day,
 Tho' awful Conscience scares his forfeit Rest,
 The purple Crime still blaz'ning in his Breast—
 Sets in his View a yet unconquer'd Foe—
 A Widow's Anguish, or an Orphan's Wee,
 Or some sad Lover's last upbraiding Sigh,
 Who wretched finds no Refuge but—to die.
 Ah! WALLIS haste, should yet that Name remain
 To crown my Hopes, and prove my Fears are vain!
 Haste from the Land where Arts engender Strife,
 And not an Art but rears some Foe to Life;
 What Joys can there ingenuous Freedom boast,
 Where fatal Fashions spread from Coast to Coast?
 Where cultur'd Commerce, as it shoots on high,
 But opes new Wants it never can supply,

Or grown luxuriant o'er the gloomy Soil
 Sinks by its Weight, or tempts the Rage of Spoil;
 Else, if the Hist'ry of thy Realms be true,
 Whence the Vicissitudes describ'd by you? 330
 Why Arts have flourish'd—why have Arts decay'd,
 As faithless Fortune flatter'd, or betray'd?
 Why War's wide-wasting Revolution hur'd
 The Seat of Empire round the ravag'd World?
 Why the fierce North a gen'ral Chaos spread, 335
 That swept all Europe as the Ruin sped?
 Each rising Virtue perish'd in it's Bloom,
 Each splendid Science shar'd the dreadful Doom,
 While Defolation, dark'ning all behind,
 Drew down Oblivion's Curtain o'er the Mind. 340
 Involv'd each glorious Character of Fame,
 And scarcely left a Record or a Name,
 Till struggling Time compos'd his frightened Form,
 And glean'd the *Gothic* Relicks of the Storm,
 Reviving Rays in great COLUMBUS shone, 345
 New Worlds appear'd, and Empires—now their own.

These

THE INJURED ISLANDERS. 19

These awful Scenes depicted to my View
(And Fame, O WALLIS, proves the Painting true,)
Oft to my Mind some dreadful Change present,
Some distant Danger, or some dire Event, 350
Some gath'ring Tempest black'ning from afar,
Some bursting Rage of desolating War,—
Ah! shall this Isle, so late admir'd by Thee,
To Plenty sacred, and to Pleasure free—
This Land, where Peace diffus'd it's hallow'd Pow'r, 355
Where social Virtues cheer'd each passing Hour,
A barren Waste—a lifeless Scene appear,
By Rapine plunder'd, or enslav'd by Fear?
Some Tyrant's Conquest, or some Pirate's Spoil?
It's native Blessings banish'd from the Soil!— 360
Ah! shall its Sons, to seek fictitious Wealth,
For lordly Masters lose their florid Health?
For glitt'ring Ore, that ever useless shines,
Shun the bright Day, and sink in dismal Mines,
Or, bent to Burdens, on the Surface go, 365
Inur'd to all the Discipline of Woe—

Forbid

26 THE INJURED ISLANDERS.

Forbid it thou great TANE, ever blest!
 If e'er my Wishes reach'd thy pitying Breast,
 If e'er a suppliant won thy friendly Care,
 Oh! spare my Country, mighty TANE spare!
 Ere Ills like these o'er native Rights prevail,
 Dart the keen Lightning at each daring Sail,
 Bid the loud Tempest rouse the whelming Wave,
 And not a Foe the furling Fury save:
 Or far remove, if Vengeance be forgot,
 These INJUR'D ISLES to some sequester'd Spot,
 Some placid Corner of the boundless Main,
 Unmark'd by Science, unexplor'd by Gain,
 Where Nature still her Empire safe may hold
 From foreign Commerce, Confidence, and Gold,
 From foreign Arts—from all that's foreign free,
 Save WALLIS only—if approv'd by Thee.

Yes, WALLIS, yes, from Thee no Fears alarm,
 Whose highest Rage Submission could disarm—
 Well do my Thoughts recall that awful Hour
 When first we felt, and trembled at thy Pow'r,

Some

Some dreadful Demon, with an hostile Band,
 We fear'd Thee sent to desolate our Land,
 What could, alas! defenceless Troops inspire?
 What check the Fury of destructive Fire?
 Repell'd, confounded, Patriot Valour fled,
 As all around the rapid Ruin sped,
 Till first in Mercy, as the first in Sway,
 Your Pity spar'd what Pow'r could take away,
 Resistance conquer'd saw Resentment cease,
 Hush'd was the War, and rais'd each downcast Face;
 'Twas then to meet Thee on the crowded Shore,
 The peaceful Plantain in my Hand I bore,
 In due Obeisance half my Bosom bar'd,
 And fond Respect by mutual Rites rever'd,
 A kindling Zeal ere Complaisance began,
 And all the Hero soft'ning in the Man:
 Pleas'd with the Manners of my mighty Guest,
 I fearless led Thee to the Social Feast,
 Where Palm-spread Sheds on stately Pillars stood,
 Midst cooling Shades and Vistas of the Wood,

Each op'ning Front drew Fragrance from the Air,
 You gaz'd—you vow'd a Paradise was there;
 Smil'd as the Cocoa, soothing to the Soul,
 Pour'd the sweet Bev'rage from its native Bowl,
 Or vary'd Viands op'd their grateful Store,
 Fruits from the Grove, and Fishes from the Shore,
 New Wonder rose, when rang'd around for Thee,
 Attendant Virgins danc'd the TIMRODEE,
 And vocal Bards, the Pleasure to prolong,
 Sung the bold Deeds and Heroes of their Song;
 But chiefly Thee, thy Vict'ry and thy Praise,
 The noblest Subject of their simple Lays,
 Till the tir'd Sun, on Western Waves repos'd,
 Dismiss'd the Ev'ning, and the HEIVA clos'd.

If native Pleasures, simply thus supply'd,
 Disclaim the Arts that minister to Pride,
 What tempts Thee, wand'ring with the faithless Main,
 To barter Ease for Perils and for Pain?
 Does churlish Nature stint thy Parent Soil?
 Does Wealth superfluous prompt to wanton Spoil?

Do restless Longings for a deathless Name
 Glow in thy Breast, and animate thy Frame?—
 Vain is each With that flattering Hope inspires,
 If in the Toil, the Taste for Joy expires, 430
 If unrestrain'd we urge the wayward Mind
 Without a Glance on wasting Time behind;
 Year following Year, and Day succeeding Day,
 Relentless drive Life's boasted Bliss away,
 From Beauty sever Love's attracting Die, 435
 Youth from the Cheek, and Radiance from the Eye,
 Each pleasing Passion of the Soul subdue—
 Such as thy OBRA felt—still feels for you—
 Ev'n this, O WALLIS, must that Pow'r obey
 That strikes unseen, and strengthens with Delay, 440
 That Pride-plum'd Conquest strips of all its Fame,
 Nor leaves recording Pyramids a Name.

When such the Lot of Life's too transient State,
 Canst thou still tempt each Precipice of Fate?
 Canst thou delight, from peaceful Pleasures fled, 445
 In Out-cast Realms where Nature's Horrors spread?

Where

Where bleak FUE'GO rears it's barren Coast—
 Where savage ZEALAND pours its hideous Host—
 Or onward still, where, parted from the Night,
 The Polar Day prolongs its cheerless Light; 450
 There drifted Ice-lands dim the weary'd Eye—
 There Fogs eternal wrap the languid Sky—
 There whirling Sea-Spouts, formidably proud,
 Dart from beneath, and chase the flying Cloud;
 Or fierce Tornados, bursting thro' the Air, 455
 Rend the wild Waves, and spread around Despair;
 Ah! WALLIS, haste—the dreadful Regions shun,
 Where dismal Deaths in dark Disguises run,
 Where fancy'd Lands, remov'd from ev'ry Joy,
 If found, deceive us—if possess'd, destroy; 460
 Here shalt thou find each Solace of thy Woes
 That Man can ask—if what to ask he knows;
 Here, in thy fav'rite, fond TAHEITEE, still
 It's Sons obsequious, and it's Laws thy Will;
 Thy faithful OBAA, aided by thy Hand, 465
 Again shall rise, the Empress of the Land,

Her

Her Awe-struck Foes, to shun impending Ire,
 Quick to the Mountain's silent Gloom retire;
 Or prostrate—penitent—their Deeds deplore,
 Her Wrongs redress, her Regal Rights restore; 470
 Till, smiling Peace thro' ev'ry Region seen,
 She rules triumphant, and expires—a Queen.

11:7:49

END OF THE POEM

H N O T E S .

N O T E S.

PAGE 4. l. 62. *Tomou.*] Human Hair plaited, in which they stick Flowers of various Kinds, particularly the (Gardenia) Cape Jessamine.

Ibid. l. 68. *My bumble Off'rings, &c.*] "She complained to the Lieutenant that she was poor (teetee) and had not a Hog to give her Friends." Forster, vol. I.

P. 5. l. 71. *The Crimson Plumes.*] Red Feathers are highly valued at O'Taheite.

Ibid. l. 86. *A rival Chief, &c.*] Sovereign of the lesser, or South-East Peninsula of the Island; for an Account of this War, see Forster, vol. II.

P. 6. l. 90. *The stern Mountain frowns, &c.*] The Mountains always afford them Refuge from impending Danger, till the Rage of the Conqueror, which is violent, but not lasting, has subsided.

Ibid. l. 103. *Tan's wife decrees, &c.*] A Son of their supreme Deities, whom they suppose to take a greater Part in the Affairs of Mankind. See Hawks. Voyages, vol. II.

Ibid. l. 108. *What Fleets tremendous, &c.*] The Fleet here alluded to was intended against the Island of Eimeo, whose Chief had revoked: it consisted of 159 great double Canoes of War, from 50 to 90 Feet long [between Stem and Stern, besides 70 smaller ones, &c. &c. and yet was only the naval Force of a single District. Hence it appears how much they must have been indebted to European Tools and Models in this respect, since Captain Wallis's Discovery of the Island, when no such Armaments could be seen. See Forster, vol. II.

P. 9. l. 153. *Shark-tooth' Punctures, &c.*] It is a general Custom with them in transient, or affected Grief, to strike a Shark's Tooth into their Head, till it is covered with Blood. See Hawks. vol. I.

Ibid. l. 159. *On sacred Plumes.*] A solemn Affirmation or Oath is made upon a Tuft of red or yellow Feathers; for a curious Instance see Forster, vol. I. They are also made use of by the Natives to fix their Attention while they pray to the Deity.

P. 10. l. 183. *As in the Tube.*] "After the Observation (of an Eclipse of the Sun) was taken, I went to the Queen's House, and shewed her the Telescope, &c. as the Objects by turns vanished and re-appeared, her Countenance and Gestures expressed a Mixture of Wonder and Delight, which no Language can describe." Hawks, vol. I.

N O T E S.

P. 11. l. 196. —*the Sov'reigns of the World.*] The following Extracts will account for the Allusions which Oberea makes to European History, &c. in *this* and a few other Passages of the Poem.

"Oamo asked many Questions concerning England and its Inhabitants, by which he appeared to have great Shrewdness and Understanding." Hawkf. vol. II.

"Towhah asked us a Variety of Questions, chiefly relating to the Nature and Constitution of the Country from whence we came: the Information which we gave him, was received with the greatest Marks of Surprise and Attention." Forster, vol. II.

"We found no great Difficulty in making ourselves mutually understood, however strange it may appear in Speculation." Hawkf. vol. II.

Ibid. l. 205. *Tb' Eclipse's Shade.*] They believe the Stars to be generated between the Sun and Moon, &c. &c. See Journal of a Voyage round the World in his Majesty's Ship Endeavour, called Banks's Voyage.

P. 13. l. 228. *The wasting Flame.*] The Introduction of the Venereal Disease into O'Taheite is imputed to Mr. Bougainville, who arrived there about nine Months after the Departure of Captain Wallis. See Hawkf. vol. I.

Ibid. l. 242. *Tropic Isles to claim.*] The manner in which Navigators usually take Possession of new discovered Countries is no less singular than arrogant; thus when Capt. Wallis arrived at O'Taheite, Mr. Forneaux, who first landed, erected a Staff, upon which he hoisted a Flag, turned a Turf, and took Possession of the Island in his Majesty's Name, in Honour of whom he called it King George the Third's Island: he then went to a River, and mixing some of it's Water with Rum, every Man drank his Majesty's Health. Hawkf. vol. I.

P. 15. l. 271. *Robes of Mulbry Rinds.*] Their Cloth is of three Kinds, and it is made of the Bark of three different Trees, the finest and whitest is made of the Paper Mulberry. See Hawkf. vol. II.

Ibid. l. 280. *We live, and love.*] For their social Virtues and Philanthropy, see Forster, vol. II.

Ibid. l. 281. *Etuas.*] Gods of the second Class: for an Account of their Religion, see Forster, vol. II.

Page 16. l. 296. *Pearl-book.*] Fish-Hooks made of Mother-of-Pearl. See Hawkf. vol. II.

Ibid. l. 304. *Arrow's Flight.*] Their Bows and Arrows are used only for Diversion; and Distance, not a Mark, is the Object of Emulation. Ibid.

P. 17. l. 307. *A Duel.*] If we may credit the Journal called Banks's Voyage, a Duel was fought at O'Taheite by two Officers belonging to the

the Ship, who had been long engaged in a Quarrel, which had created much Disturbance on Board. Ibid.

P. 18. l. 346. *Empires—now their own.*] See Note p. 11. l. 196.

P. 29. l. 375. *Or far remote.*] "They suppose the Earth or Main Land to be placed at a great Distance Eastward, and that their Island was broken off or separated from it, while the Deity was drawing it about the Sun before he resolved upon its Situation." Banks's Voyage.

P. 32. l. 395. *Each down and Pass.*] They used constantly to fall down upon their Faces at the Explosion of a Gun: the Particulars of this Engagement are given by Hawks, vol. I.

Ibid. l. 398. *The graceful Plantain.*] Green Branches of Trees, particularly of the Plantain, are their Symbols of Peace.

Ibid. l. 399. *Half my breast bare'd.*] Lowering the Garments, so as to uncover the Shoulders, is in this Country a Mark of Respect.

P. 33. l. 410. *Sweet Scurvy.*] For Drink they have in general nothing but Water, or the Juice of the Cocoa-Nut; the Art of producing Liqueurs that intoxicate by Fermentation, being happily unknown among them. Hawks, vol. II.

Ibid. l. 415. *Vessel-Roads.*] "We did not expect to have found in this supposed Sports-Charter, which has been the Subject of such Praise and Veneration, where Gaming and Levees have been usual, and where these were the Bands or Ministers of O'Tahiti." Hawks, vol. II.

Ibid. l. 420. *Houa.*] A Concert or Assembly. It is also a common Name for every public Exhibition. See the same Author, vol. I.

P. 33. l. 422. *Pyramids.*] The principal Object of Ambition among the Tahitians is to have a magnificent Moral or Repository for the Dead Obsequies, which is raised Pyramidically upon a Base of 167 Feet long and 97 wide, is the finest Piece of Indian Architecture in the Island. See Hawks, vol. II.

P. 34. l. 451. *Drifted Ice-lands.*] MAHUA, a Native of the Society-Isles, who was on Board the Resolution in the high Southern Latitude, distressed, he said, of finding Belief among his Countrymen, when he should come back to recount the Wonders of petrified Rain, and perpetual Day, Snow, Hail, Showers and Ice, he said he would call white Rain, white Snow and white Land. See Forster, vol. I.

Ibid. l. 453. *Sea-Spouts.*] For some curious Observations upon Water-Spouts, see the same Author, vol. I.

P. 37. l. 307. *A Duel.*] A Duel was fought in the O.Tahiti by two Officers belonging to the Resolution.